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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Residence in Algiers; comprising a Geographical and Historical Account of the Regency; Biographical Sketches of the Dey and his Ministers; Anecdotes of the late War, &c. &c. By Signor Pananti. 4to. pp. 467.

From this interesting volume we shall not detain our readers by many remarks. Information respecting Algiers has, to use a Change Alley phrase, risen much *per cent* within the last three years; and every work which makes us better acquainted with the internal state of the powers on the north of Africa, must be received with the favour which intelligence at once politically important and naturally and historically curious has a title to expect.

M. Pananti was long an emigrant in England, and it was on his quitting this land of freedom for his native shores, that he encountered the risk of endless slavery more intolerable than that to escape from which first induced him to seek an asylum in Britain. From his habits and talents, fully competent to the task of observing what was most worthy of record in Algiers, the author has been fortunate in having a gentleman so intimately acquainted with the subject as the writer of the "Letters from the Mediterranean," (Edward Blaquiere, Esq. R. N.) for his translator.

M. Pananti sailed from the Thames on board a Sicilian brig for Palermo. Over the hardships of the voyage, the misconduct of the Captain, and the scantiness of the mess, we pass to come to the catastrophe which placed him and his fellow passengers in the hands of the Corsairs: These unfortunate persons were, the Chevalier Rossi, an intelligent traveller, his wife and two children; Mr. Terreni, a merchant of Leghorn; Antonio Terreni, an artist, his brother; a Calabrese who had served long in the British navy; a beautiful woman going to meet her husband from the East Indies; and a charming girl, who had been to England on a mission, the result of which was to unite her to the object of her affections in Sicily, to which she was now returning. Off the coast of Sardinia, the

hapless vessel fell in with six Barbary corsairs, and all became, not without cause, terror and dismay—

One of our men, who had been in slavery at Sallee, and who preserved the sad remembrance, inspired by a feeling of desperation, rushed up to the Captain, and would certainly have plunged a stiletto in his heart, had not myself and the other passengers promptly interfered. Another, still more infuriated, seized a fire-brand, and was, by absolute force, prevented from applying it to the powder magazine; some were for destroying themselves on board, others proposed jumping into the sea, and thus defeating the triumph of their enemies. This state of suffering and despair having subsided, it was shortly succeeded by a deep and mournful silence, after which, the sailors were observed to descend, one by one, into the hold, there to await the event. As to us passengers, we remained on deck, deeply meditating on, and watching our approaching ruin. The master, who had never been in the habit of standing at the helm, now took possession of it; and, profiting by the light air that blew, gradually turned the vessel's head towards the pirates, so that we advanced to them, instead of waiting their arrival.

Several hours passed in this cruel and trembling perplexity; it was like sipping the poisoned draught. On the barbarians getting near us, we could easily distinguish their horrid yells; and innumerable turbans soon appeared along their decks. It was now that the last ray of hope abandoned the least terrified amongst us; and, as if electrified by the same shock, we fled from the horrid spectacle, each hiding himself in the best way he could below, there patiently to wait the grand catastrophe which threatened us.

But now the terrible moment has at length arrived, and with it the greatest misfortune which can possibly befall a human being. The shouts of the barbarians are heard close to us. They appear on deck in swarms, with haggard looks, and with naked scimitars, prepared for boarding; this is preceded by a gun, the sound of which was like the harbinger of death to the trembling captives, all of whom expected to be instantly sunk; it was the signal for a good prize: a second gun announced the capture, and immediately they sprang on board in great numbers. Their first movements were confined to a menacing display of their bright sabres and attaghans, with an order for us to make no resistance, but surrender, which it was hardly necessary to repeat, we had only to obey; and this ceremony being ended, our new visitors assumed a less austere tone, crying out in their *Lingua Franca*, No

pauro! No pauro! "Don't be afraid." After this, rum was called for, then the keys of our trunks; when, dividing our party into two divisions, one was ordered into the pirate's boat, and conveyed to the Admiral's frigate, while the other remained behind under the care of several Moors, who had taken charge of the vessel. I was amongst the number of those transferred, and in putting off from the brig, joined my companions in a speechless adieu of those we left behind. Cruel fatality! The boat had scarcely put off, and began to row towards the Algerine, when the breeze, which we had for so many hours vainly prayed for, and even one hour before might have seen us in safety, suddenly sprang up, accompanied with dark clouds, which was soon followed by torrents of rain. The Moors, only intent on securing their victims, cheerfully howled to the blast, while we remained absorbed in silence.

On gaining the frigate, and had no sooner got upon deck, than the barbarians uttered a general cry of victory, usual when any captures are made.

A savage joy seemed to play on their cavernous aspects. A passage being opened for us between the armed Turks and Moorish sailors, we were conducted into the presence of the grand *Rais*, supreme commander of the Algerine squadron. He was seated between the captains of the five other frigates, who had assembled in close council to deliberate on the measures necessary to be taken with us, to combine future operations, and finally to exult in their horrible celebrity. We were interrogated in brief and haughty terms, but neither insult nor rudeness was offered to any of the party. The grand *Rais* very civilly asked us for our money, watches, rings, and every other article of value we had about our persons; in order, as he obligingly observed, to save them from the rapacity of the people of the Black Sea, who formed a considerable part of his crew, and whom he candidly said were all *ladri*. He then deposited our respective property in a small box, faithfully assuring us that all should be returned on our leaving the vessel. During the distribution in the box, he repeated alternately, looking at the captives, *Questo per ti*, This is for you; *Questo altro per ti*, but perhaps in his heart, And all this for me. We were then ordered to retire, and, placed upon mat in the *Rais*'s outer cabin, began to reflect on our new situation.

When supper was served, it consisted of a black looking paste in an immense pan, which, being placed on the deck, was immediately surrounded by a host of hungry moors and negroes, indiscriminately mixed together, and making common cause for the laudable purpose of emptying the platter, which, if ever so well inclined to partake of, was a forlorn hope to us afflicted

and over-ceremonious visitors; who at this patriarchal repast, might with propriety be compared to the timid spaniel, who vainly attempts to come in for a part of the bone thrown to the famished mastiff. Soon after sun-set, we were ordered to descend by a species of trap leading into the hold, which had infinitely more the appearance of a sepulchre than a place destined for living beings. There it was necessary to extend our wearied limbs over blocks, cables, and other ship's tackling, which made ours a bed of thorns indeed! In this suffocating state, the bitterest reflections presented themselves to our sleepless imaginations.

No sooner had the ships anchored, than preparations were made to land; when Rais Hamida, with a stern voice, inspired no less by his natural ferocity than a consciousness of having us now completely in his power, ordered the Sicilian seamen into the long-boat, under the charge of the Aga; while the passengers were destined to grace his own splendid triumph. In this crisis, at which another important change was about to be effected in our situation, I could not help recalling to mind those terrible lines inscribed over the Inferno :

Per me si va nella città dolente :
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore :
Per me si va fra la perduta gente.*

which Rais Hamida seemed to repeat on desiring us to follow him into the pinnace appointed to convey us on shore, towards which we now directed our course, followed by our mournful companions in the Aga's charge. On the Rais's landing, he immediately ordered us to form a procession in his rear, and then moved on with as much self-importance as Sesostris with his four rebellious Kings, or the ferocious Timur, conducting Bajazet in his iron cage.

An immense concourse had collected on the beach, to welcome with acclamations the triumphant return of the pirates: but we were neither plundered nor insulted, a treatment which many Christian slaves are said to have met with, on disembarking at this inhospitable place.

A large awning being extended in front of the house, the scene shortly opened, exhibiting the members of the regency, in barbarous pomp and horrid majesty, seated before us, accompanied by the *Ulemas*, or expounders of the law, and principal Agas of the divan. We were then, without further ceremony or preamble, asked for our papers, which were duly examined; nor was that canting gravity wanting on this occasion, which is usually assumed to justify acts of rapine and plunder. They were then presented to the English Consul, whose presence is always required on these examinations, to verify any claim he may have to make.

* Inferno, Canto iii.

Thro' me the newly damn'd for ever fleet,
In ceaseless shoals to Pain's eternal seat;
Thro' me they march, and join the tortur'd crew.

BOYD.

This gentleman saw the insufficiency of our documents; but, stimulated by the goodness of his heart, and sentiments of pity for persons in our unhappy condition, he made every possible exertion to extricate us from the appalling dilemma with which we were now threatened. The circumstance of some of the party being natives of a country united to the dominion of France, did not restrain the Consul's generous efforts: we were unfortunate, and that was sufficient to insure the protection of an Englishman. But Rais Hamida boldly sustained the remorseless laws of piracy; drawing the finest distinctions imaginable between domiciliation and nationality, he proved himself a most able jurisconsult, according, at least, to the African code of public laws.

A good prize! Prisoners! Slaves! was now murmured through the council, and soon communicated to the crowd assembled without, which, by its cries and vociferations, seemed to demand such a decision. The British Consul then formally demanded the English lady and her two children; upon this being accorded, the Chevalier Rossi, her husband, advanced a few steps, and with dignified courage supported his claim to liberation, on the principle of having married an English woman, and also of being the father of two British subjects, his children: this application being successful, he soon rejoined his anxious wife and children. Another attempt was now made in favour of us all by the Consul, but without effect: this was followed by a cry in the hall of *Sohiae! schiae!* Slaves, slaves! which horrible word was echoed by the multitude. The members of the council then rose, and, on the assembly's being dissolved, the Consul and his attendants, together with the Chevalier Rossi and family, departed, leaving us the devoted victims of slavery in a state of immovable insensibility, as one who scarcely hears the thunder when he is enveloped by the lurid glare of its lightning.

(To be continued.)

Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold: containing a Dissertation on the Ruins of Rome, and an Essay on Italian Literature. By John Hobhouse, Esq. 8vo. pp. 584.

The matter of this publication is far preferable to its form. Ten or a dozen lines from Childe Harold, already so copiously garnished with Mr. Hobhouse's notes in the original volume, are but a poor kernel to wind the thread of so long a story about; and the coupling of the name of a great poet with these tracts is very like the expedient of showman, who hangs up a fine picture outside, doubtful of the entertainment which his booth affords within. But Mr. Hobhouse really did not stand in need of this attraction. His work is clever, and contains a

good deal of curious information, though perhaps loaded with some display of antiquarian research which might have been spared without much public disappointment. What relates to modern Italy is much more valuable; and though the author is one of those professed croakers who think that all greatness and wisdom was confined to ancient times, and that every thing is now degeneracy and folly, yet when he gets into his subject he forgets his whining and grumbling, and goes warmly on, in an agreeable way.

After animadverting upon the attachment of the Italians to their distinguished fellow-citizens, Mr. H. enters into a long disquisition upon the imprisonment of Tasso, the gist of which seems to be to disparage the memory of Alfonso his patron, who had the misfortune to be a sovereign prince of the family of Este, and could therefore expect no mercy from this writer's hands. He accordingly argues that Alfonso was excessively despotic and cruel to Tasso—it may be so—it is scarce worth minute examination and argument as to cause and degree of offence or oppression. From Tasso to Alfieri is no abrupt transition, and we copy some anecdotes of the later Bard which are new to us:

The poet was one evening at the house of the Princess Carignani, and leaning, in one of his silent moods, against a sideboard decorated with a rich tea service of China, by a sudden movement of his long loose tresses, threw down one of the cups. The lady of the mansion ventured to tell him that he had spoilt her set, and had better have broken them all; but the words were no sooner said, than Alfieri, without replying or changing countenance, swept off the whole service upon the floor! His hair was fated to bring another of his eccentricities into play; for being alone at the theatre at Turin, and hanging carelessly with his head backwards over the corner of his box, a lady in the next seat on the other side of the partition, who had, on other occasions, made several attempts to attract his attention, broke into violent and repeated encomiums on his auburn locks, which were flowing down close to her hand. Alfieri spoke not a word, and continued in his posture until he left the theatre. The lady received the next morning a parcel, the contents of which she found to be the tresses she had so much admired, and which the Count had cut off close to his head. There was no billet with the present, but words could not have more clearly expostulated, "If you like the hair, here it is, but for heaven's sake leave me alone."

Alfieri seldom spoke in company, and was as seldom seen to smile,

His daily temper depended not a little upon his favourite horse, whom he used to feed out of his own hand, and ordered to be led out before him every morning. If the animal neighed, or replied to his caresses with any signs of pleasure, his countenance brightened; but the insensibility of the horse was generally followed by the dejection of the master.

The tomb of Alfieri in the Santa Croce, is one of the least successful productions of Canova. The whole monument is heavy, and projects itself into the aisle of the church more prominently than becomes the associate of the more modest but richer sepulchres of Michael Angelo and Machiavelli. The colossal Cybele of Italy weeping over a medallion in low relief, shews the difficulty of doing justice to the mourner and the monument.

The next dissertation into which the author plunges, is upon the river Clitumnus, its God, and Temple. He justly notices the ignorance and impositions of the generality of Italian antiquarians, and conducts us to Rome, the exhaustless theatre of theory and fraud in this traffic. Time, earthquakes, inundations, and the zeal of Catholicism, have all contributed to the destruction of ancient Rome. The tomb of the *Scipios** is a mere matter for conjecture! What a lesson for *Glory*? The last mentioned source of ruin to the monuments of antiquity produced many strange as well as lamentable effects.

The period at which the sepulchres were emptied of their ashes must have been, first, that in which the Christians prowled about in every quarter for relics, and thought a church could not be consecrated without such a recommendation. Eight and twenty cart loads of relics could not be procured for the Pantheon, without some diligence, and damage to the repositories of the pretended saints; and we know that the eagerness of the search extended to sepulchres where the symbols of martyrdom were very equivocal, or not to be discovered at all. The urns and sarcophagi, when of precious materials, were without scruple transported from their site, and emptied for the reception of purer ashes. Two of the popes, Innocent II. and Clement XII. repose in the marbles which, if they did not before receive the bones of Hadrian and Agrippa, were certainly constructed for heathen tenants; and the examples are innumerable of meaner Christians, whose remains are enveloped in the symbols of paganism. It should be recollect that the mythological sculpture on sarcophagi was continued long after the introduction of Christianity, and that when the relations of a defunct went to a repository to select a tomb, they were not scrupulous about the emblems, or were ignorant what they represented. A bishop,

whose stone coffin is seen in the Basilica of *St. Lorenzo without the Walls*, is enclosed in bas-reliefs representing a marriage; this probably belonged to some pagan body before it held the bishop; but the Christians were sometimes the first tenants of these heathen-sculptured tombs.

Humbler tombs were applied to other services: many are now cisterns. ----- Some respect might have been paid to a stone thus inscribed.

Ossa
Agrippina. M. Agrippa.
Divi. Aug. Neptis. Uxoris.
Germanicus. Caesaris.
Matris. C. Caesaris. Aug.
Germanici. Principis.*

But with these letters, in large characters, staring them in the face, the Romans used this stone as a measure for 300 weight of corn, and the arms of their modern senate are sculptured upon one of its sides, in a style worthy of the "rude age" to which a modest inscription ascribes the misapplication.

Mr. Hobhouse discusses many other questions connected with the antiquities of Rome, of great interest to every classic mind; and it is but doing him justice to say that the subject loses none of its attractions under his pen. But in the very natural desire to do as much as possible, he occasionally falls into the error of doing more than enough. For example (page 218,) enumerating the good and great, commemorated in the Forum of Trajan, by statues erected to their memory, he not only particularizes those who obtained this honour, but goes on to fancy as many others as his reading suggests, who "may have been associated with the meaner names." This is one way of illustrating ancient ruins, but we cannot say that we approve of it!

We must omit any analysis of the author's disquisitions on the Tarpeian Rock, now difficult to be ascertained, like "the seven hills" on which Rome once stood, but which have disappeared; the Capitol, Coliseum, Pantheon, &c.; and the notices on the Romans of the middle ages, which relate chiefly to the celebrated Rienzi, whose character and exploits are fully treated by Gibbon. We find not much of novelty in these statements, though they shew a good deal of acuteness and diligent research. Muratori is quoted as being much

* The Bones
Of Agrippina, the daughter of M. Agrippa,
The grand-daughter of the divine Augustus,
The Wife
Of Germanicus Caesar,
The Mother of C. Caesar Augustus
Germanicus, our Prince.

amused, as well he might, at a *bull* of Peter Damian's in describing the fate of the anti-pope John at the end of the tenth century: who "had his eyes bored out, his ears cut off, and his tongue also cut off, and being then put on an ass, with his face to the tail, which he held in his hand, was paraded about Rome, and obliged to exclaim, 'Such is the deserving punishment of him who endeavours to expel the Pope of Rome from his seat.' —A tolerable long speech for a man without a tongue!

Not pressing that reprobation which the beginning of the following extract merits for its derogatory allusion to religion, we think it otherwise deserving of selection:

The ceremonies of a religion must, except where they are sanguinary, be considered the *most harmless* part of it; if, however, our notions of primitive Christianity be at all correct, nothing can so little resemble it as the present worship at St. Peter's. A noisy school for children in one corner; a sermon preached to a moveable audience in another; a concert in this chapel; a ceremony, half interrupted by the distant sounds of the same music, in another quarter; a ceaseless crowd sauntering along the nave, and circulating through all the aisles; listeners and gazers walking, sitting, kneeling; some rubbing their foreheads against the worn toes of the bronze St. Peter, others smiling at them; confessors in boxes absolving penitents; laquey des places expounding pictures; and all these individual objects and actions lost under an artificial heaven, whose grandeur and whose beauties delight and distract the eye. Such is the interior of this glorious edifice—the mall of Rome. His present Holiness, talking to an Englishman of the church of Rome, said to him, 'You are good Catholics in your country; here it is all *talk*' (grido.)

This Pope, it appears, is in a fair way to be *sainted*, for when he

Returned to Rome in 1814, the people went out to meet him with palms in their hands, and bearing full-length portraits of him, which is an honour never permitted except to the *Beati*, on their road to an apotheosis. Shortly after the happy event, the city was solemnly lustrated by holy water and missions, that is, sermons in the streets to purge away the contagion of the French.

These missions preach the burning of profane books, and encourage the discipline of pious whippings as a penance to the faithful. A short account is given of these extraordinary exercises, as they are at this hour administered in the oratory of the Padre Caravita, and in another church at Rome.

* The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now.

The ceremony takes place at the time of vespers. It is preceded by a short exhortation, during which a bell rings, and whips, that is, knotted strings of whiplash, are distributed quietly among such of the audience as are on their knees in the middle of the nave. Those resting on the benches come to edify by example only. On a second bell, the candles are extinguished, and the former sermon having ceased, a loud voice issues from the altar, which pours forth an exhortation to think of unconfessed, or unrepented, or unforgiven crimes. This continues a sufficient time to allow the kneelers to strip off their upper garments: the tone of the preacher is raised more loudly at every word, and he vehemently exhorts his hearers to recollect that Christ and the martyrs suffered much more than whipping,—‘*shew, then, your penitence—shew your sense of Christ's sacrifice—shew it with the whip.*’ The flagellation begins. The darkness, the tumultuous sounds of blows in every direction—‘*Blessed Virgin Mary! pray for us!*’ bursting out at intervals—the persuasion that you are surrounded by atrocious culprits and maniacs, who know of an absolution for every crime; the whole situation has the effect of witchery, and so far from exciting a smile, fixes you to the spot in a trance of restless horror, prolonged beyond expectation or bearing.

The scourging continues ten or fifteen minutes, and when it sounds as if dying away, a bell rings, which seems to invigorate the penitents, for the lashes beat about more quickly than before. Another bell rings, and the blows subside. At a third signal the candles are relighted, and the minister who has distributed the disciplines, collects them again with the same discretion; for the performers, to do them justice, appear to be too much ashamed of their transgressions to make a show of their penance, so that it is very difficult to say whether your next neighbour has given himself the lash or not. The incredulous or the humorist must not suppose that the darkness favours evasion. There can be no pleasantry in doing that which no one sees, and no merit can be assumed where it is not known who accepts the disciplines. The flagellation certainly does take place on the naked skin; and this ferocious superstition, of which antiquity can furnish no example, has, after being once dropped, been revived as a salutary corrective of an age of atheism.

Notwithstanding Mr. Hobhouse's testimony, we think it would be a manifest improvement if every flagellant were to lash his neighbour instead of himself: the penance would then be undoubted, and none could halt in their honest resolutions, as Sancho Panza did when he substituted the bark of the cork-tree for his own immaculate hide. It is, however, melancholy to hear of such gross fooleries being revived. Even in 1950, about which time flagel-

lation, as an act of piety, was invented, the wise and the virtuous united in condemning a practice so repugnant to every social, moral, and religious feeling; and what a dark age would not tolerate, cannot surely be encouraged in this enlightened era.

We must now shortly take our leave of Mr. Hobhouse, although in the latter part of his volume he gives a very curious account of the forged antiquities dug up last year, near the road from Castel Gondolfo to Marino; and his essay on the present literature of Italy is replete with intelligence and pleasant reading. The writers who may be considered as having formed the present style and taste of Italy are Melchior Cesarotti, Joseph Parini, Victor Alfieri, Hippolitus Pindemonte, Vincent Monti, and Hugo Foscolo, the three former being dead, and the three latter still in existence. Melchior was a Paduan, and among other works translated Ossian. Parini was a Milanese, and wrote a fine satirical poem called *The Day*: he is remarkable for a Virgilian dignity of style. Alfieri is well known in this country: the Countess of Albany, the widow of Charles Edward Stuart, was, as the inscription on his tomb states, “his only love,” *quam unice dilexit*; but it is not known whether they were or were not married.* Pindemonte wrote tragedies and lyrical pieces of great merit, borrowing largely from Milton and Gray. He was devotedly attached to England and its literature. Monti is also a tragic writer of eminence, and has produced many poems on temporary subjects. Foscolo is familiar to the English reader for his “*Letters of Ortis*,” and has besides written tragedies and poems, and translated the “*Sentimental Journey*.”

From our extracts and remarks, we hope it will appear that there is a fund of rational entertainment in the volume before us. If we have noticed a few of its blemishes, it is only in the spirit which animates all our critical essays, that of doing, as far as our perceptions and abilities permit, a faithful duty in laying an impartial and independent

* Alfieri in his last moments agreed to see a priest. When he called, he said to him with uncommon affability, “Have the kindness to look in to-morrow; I trust that death will wait for four and twenty hours.” The ecclesiastic returned next day. Alfieri was sitting in his armchair, and said, “At present, I fancy, I have but a few minutes to spare.” He begged that the Countess might be brought in, and the moment he saw her, he exclaimed, “Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die!”

account of new publications before our readers. We have no wish beyond this, and there is no consideration of favour or otherwise, which could bias us one jot from the plain, but we trust never harsh, statement of our opinions, supported by selections from works sufficient to justify our sentiments, and to enable those who have not seen these publications, to judge for themselves.

WOMAN. A Poem. By Eaton Stannard Barrett, Esq. 12mo. pp. 121.

Mr. Barrett in his preface reminds us of a widower, for he tells us that he had tried the same subject (*woman*) before, but failed of success, and was now determined to put his fate upon another chance. We think him a thriving wooter, and if the gallantry which this poem displays should fail in procuring him perfect favour from male critics, he has little to fear but that the mortification will be compensated by the approbation of that sex which he seems most ambitious to please.

The piece opens with an original and poetical tribute to the Princess Charlotte. The mode of introducing this posthumous address is novel, and executed with great felicity. The Bard proceeds to contrast the rough and often anti-social attributes of the masculine character, with the amiable and domestic beauties of the softer race, and paints, with the sentiment of an enthusiast, the distinguishing virtues of womankind. We quote one passage as a specimen:

To guard that Virtue, to supply the place
Of courage, wanting in her gentle race,
Lo, Modesty was given; mysterious spell,
Whose blush can shame, whose panic can repel.
Strong by the very weakness it betrays,
It sheds a mist before our fiery gaze.
The panting apprehension, quick to feel,
The shrinking grace that fair would grace conceal,
The beautiful rebuke that looks surprise,
The gentle vengeance of the averted eyes;
These are its arms, and these supreme prevail,
Love pauses. Vice retracts his glozing tale.

A little further on, having inflamed his Muse by dwelling on many other female qualities and accomplishments, the author thus apostrophizes:

O Woman, whose great Author bade the worst
Of all things earthly, be created first;
O Woman, last and best of all create,
Not formed from dust, as thy presumptuous mate;
But born beside his heart, thou toildest still,
To sooth thy birth-place, and preserve from ill.
Still by thy birth-place, whether loved or spurned,
Still to thy moody birth-place art thou turned.

This is a very pretty thought, and

we hasten to match it by a fresh and animated picture of pastoral life :

Then, Muse, remove
To rural homes, and sing their virtuous love.
Light specks of fleecy gold bestrew the skies,
The dewy ox is on his knees to rise;
The mist rolls off in eddies, smokes begin
From opening cots, and all is stir within.
The pastoral family due task prepare,
For whetted scythe, the milkpail and the share;
And haste where lark and zephyr, rill and bee,
Mix harmless their primeval minstrelsy.
One damsel chuckles shrill; her cackling train
Run with spread pinions and dispute the grain.
Another up her rested pitcher heaves,
Encamps small heaps of hay, or girdles sheaves.
Else spinning, pats her busy foot, and trills
Some dittied plaint about a love that kills.
The laden wife meantime to market goes,
Or underneath the hawthorn knits her hose;
Or lays moist kerchiefs on the sunny grass,
Or checks her pottage billowing o'er the brass;
While clattered plates, and roots in hurry peeled,
Announce her goodman trudging from the field.

This strain is continued at greater length than we can spare room to quote it, and, painting the evening frolics, assumes something of the style of Crabbe :

Now they replenish pleasant cups, and tell
The rural news; how he from ladder fell,
How she from hay-rick; merry gossip past,
Come dreams, and each outwondered by the last.
Then tales of ghost authentic, then the noise
Of hoodwinked damsels chasing nimble boys;
And when to sit the rustic would essay,
His treacherous mistress slips his bench away.
She flies and hides; he follows, not remiss,
To satiate that revenge of love—a kiss.
At the dear outrage, beautifully fought,
(For battled kisses still make kisses sought,) She whispers shrieks, sighs angry words, and
feigns

A struggle yielded soon, and pleased complains.

These extracts will enable our readers to appreciate the talent of Mr. Barrett, and we have only to add, in the way of eulogy, that two affecting episodes are introduced; one of them the history of Caroline, a victim of seduction, and the other a less fatal love-tale of Connal and Ella.

We have still however another part, and that the least grateful, of our task to perform: it is to notice what we dislike in this production. We dislike, then, a certain intermixture of the most sacred subjects with what are of a lighter nature. We do not mean to say profanely, or even irreverently, but we think injudiciously and improperly intermixed. The allusion to the traitorous kiss of Judas (page 34) will exemplify our objection. Another blemish, according to our taste, occurs in the misuse of several epithets, and we are the more surprised at this, as the extreme skill displayed by the poet in other instances affords proof of his ability in this way. Need we specify the “encamps” applied to ricks of hay,

or “authentic” in ghost tales, in our preceding extract? Yet the same writer speaks of “immeasurable mains,” a word never employed in the plural to the ocean, whatever it may be to cocks and coals; of primroses *fattening* upon blood; of binding the wound we *plant*; and of *unblunted gleam*;—these passages surely require correction. There are perhaps a few other minor errors which it would be well to amend; but they are mere matters upon which different persons may form different opinions, and therefore we do not deem it necessary to point them out.

The poem (which is facetiously closed with an inscription, “THE END OF WOMAN,” as if the author had settled the dispute between Mr. Shandy and Uncle Toby on that important subject) has several occasional compositions appended to it; and this little volume is altogether worthy of being sanctioned with praise as a very clever and pleasing work.

PEAK SCENERY, or *Excursions in Derbyshire*, made chiefly for the purpose of picturesque Observation. Illustrated with Engravings by Messrs. W. B. and George Cooke, from Drawings made by F. L. Chantrey, Esq. sculptor. R.A. By E. Rhodes. Part I. large 4to. pp. 106.

It is long since we have taken up a work of this kind, so entertaining from its letter-press matter, and so admirable from the spirit and execution of its embellishments. The picturesque landscapes of its drawings are enlivened by anecdotes which belong to the places whence the views are taken, and thus we find in the same publication every thing to delight the eye and to amuse the mind. Local history diversifies and peoples local scenery; and in the pleasant company of Messrs. Rhodes and Chantrey, between the pen and the pencil, fatigue or ennui are impossible.

Derbyshire is in every point of view unquestionably one of the most interesting districts in England to the Naturalist, the Geologist, the Artist. Gilpin, in his admirable work, has by no means done justice to its variety and importance; and we rejoice to see it made the subject of a separate canvas, especially under the able hands which have now undertaken its delineation. A regular topography is not attempted, but these pages and pictures are the result of a series of excursions through

the most attractive vallies, and over the grandest hills of this romantic country.

We pass by some very just remarks on the picturesque and on landscape scenery, which are well worth the attention of the painter; and accompany the tourist to the meandering Wye, where Abbey Dale occupied his earliest notice. Beauchief Abbey, its chief ornament, of which a view is given, is said to have been founded by Robert Fitz-Ranulph, Lord of Alfreton, &c. in expiation of his guilt,—he being one of the four Knights who murdered Thomas à Becket.

From Abbey-dale the pedestrians visit East-Moor, the barrier of mill-stone grit which separates the coal and limestone districts of Derbyshire, Hope-Dale, Froggall Edge, &c.; but as we shall only stop at such spots as present the most favourable topics for review, we shall merely observe, that not only here but throughout the volume, the descriptions of the visible objects around, are given with poetic grace and feeling, and a freshness and fidelity which conveys them with the great recommendations of glow and truth to the imagination of the reader.

It is worthy of remark, however, that the author ranges with the Vulcanists against the Neptunists in the geological controversy, as far as the arguments are founded on the organism of the strata of Derbyshire:—

The basaltic stratum which, in various places, alternates with calcareous rock, and which is provincially called toadstone,—though it differs materially in its external appearance, has one general prevailing character by which all its varieties are decidedly marked. So indeed has lava. It breaks with an equal fracture in all directions: so does volcanic lava. It is likewise of various colours: so are the lavas of Etna and Vesuvius. There is certainly a striking similarity in their internal structure and appearance, and both are *said* to resist equally the action of acids.

This ‘*said*’ is not so much to the purpose as Mr. Rhodes’ subsequent observation:

I have attentively examined more than a hundred specimens of lava, and have repeatedly compared them with the toadstones of Derbyshire, without being able to detect any thing like a characteristic difference; and I have now by me a tablet composed of nine varieties of each, which forcibly illustrates their general affinity.

From geology to the romantic beauties of Stoke is but a step—here the Derwent, a noble stream, laves one of the sweetest mansions of the north of Derbyshire. It is inhabited by Robert,

the grandson of that illustrious citizen of a commercial country, Richard Arkwright. The adjoining village of Middleton, with its Roman Baths, furnishes a whimsical story :

Nearly at the time we were at the village of Middleton, the Bishop of Litchfield passed through it on his way to the North, and changed horses at the Moon Inn. The church had been for many months without a pastor; and the landlord of the inn availed himself of the opportunity to represent to him the circumstance, and solicit redress. After an apology in his plain way, for the intrusion, he told his Lordship that, at Stoney Middleton they had a church as well as their neighbours at Eyam, but then they had not a parson, nor had they had any service on a Sunday for sixteen months: that they had many Methodists in the village, who were very industrious, and had their preachings and their prayer meetings several times a week. "Then," added he, if this is not giving them an advantage over us, your Lordship, I do not know what is." He concluded his appeal to the Bishop with a great deal of simplicity, by informing him, that he was *no way personally interested in the application; that the church being shut up did not affect him at all, for he had not been there for several years.*

The representation of so disinterested an advocate was successful, and the church was re-opened. A Smelting House in Middleton Dale, and two fine views of the Castle Rock, furnish happy subjects for Mr. Chantrey's pencil, and the gravers of Messrs. Cooke :

A short distance from the smelting mill, a deep cavern enters the foot of the rock, near the side of the road. It has been explored to the extent of about 200 paces, when a deep water prevented all further progress. The roof is in some places so low, that the cavern cannot be penetrated in an erect position; in others, the passage is of considerable capacity; and it furnishes many beautiful crystallizations: it is indeed a dreary hole: - - -

An itinerant Scotch pedlar, well known, and much respected, who periodically attended most of the villages in the Peak of Derbyshire, was found murdered (about forty years ago) in this gloomy cavern: he had remained undiscovered till his corpse was nearly a skeleton: his person was identified by the buckles in his shoes, and the dress that he wore: his bones were removed to Eyam church for sepulture, where they remained unburied, until the present Rector, only a few years since, consigned them to the grave.

The entrance from Middleton into Eyam Dale is marked by a high rock, whose sides are adorned with ivy, interspersed with branches of yew. A boy, in a perilous attempt to take a bird's nest from the top of this part of the rock, lost his hold, and his life became the forfeit of his temerity: he was precipitated into the depth below, and nearly dashed to pieces.

Lord Duncannon, passing along this Dale in the summer of the year 1743, observed a piece of spar upon the road, which his horse accidentally trod upon. He examined and admired this elegant production of Derbyshire, and, anxious to have it formed into a vase, he sent it to Mr. H. Watson, of Bakewell, for the purpose. Thus originated the manufacturing of that beautiful fluor, provincially known by the name of Blue John, into columns, vases, urns, and obelisks. It has since become a source of considerable profit; and the splendid ornaments that are now produced from this exquisite material, frequently adorn the houses and the palaces of the wealthy and the great.

A very interesting account of the plague at Eyam in 1666 occupies a few pages of the work at this place. It was communicated by a box of clothes sent from London to a tailor, who fell the first victim of a scourge which swept away 259 of the population of about 330, of which this village consisted.

There is a most affecting testimony to the memory of Mr. Momesson, the pastor of Eyam at this dreadful period. Well does the name of this good man deserve to be handed down to posterity with the most virtuous of humankind. An animating description is given of Cucklet-Dell, (and its fine ashes, the tree most prevalent in these parts,) which almost vexes us, as no view accompanies it. The churchyard of Eyam is, however, remarkable for a rare relique—an old stone cross, according to rustic tradition found on one of the neighbouring hills. It is curiously ornamented and embossed with figures and designs. It is lamentable to be told that this venerable monument has suffered irreparable injuries within these three years. The etching of this piece of (probably) Danish sculpture is charming. There is also a curious cemetery in Eyam church-yard, formed by eight stone columns, and surmounted with urns. A whimsical Epitaph (among many, for this is a favourite resort of the Elegiac Muse) is thus copied:—

HERE LIE THE BODY OF ANN SELLARS
BURIED BY THIS STONE—WHO
DYED ON JAN. 15TH DAY, 1731
LIKEWISE HERE LIE DEAR ISAAC
SELLARS, MY HUSBAND AND MY RIGHT,
WHO WAS BURIED ON THAT SAME DAY COME
SEVEN YEARS, 1738. IN SEVEN YEARS
TIME THERE COMES A CHANGE—
OBSERVE, AND HERB YOU'LL SEE
ON THAT SAME DAY COME
SEVEN YEARS MY HUSBAND'S
LAID BY ME.

Cunningham the poet was the pastor, and Miss Seward a native of Eyam.

The wild moorlands which surround this village have lately been brought into cultivation, a circumstance that has obliterated the traces of many mountain tumuli which were before conspicuous: some, evidently of a very ancient date, in which urns, bones, and arrow heads, were found, have lately been opened on Eyam Moor; and not far from Hucklow, a brazen axe, and a beautiful polished stone hammer, supposed to have been used by the Druids in sacrifice, were turned up by the plough: they are now in Mr. Bird's collection.

The hammer was the weapon or sceptre of Thor, one of the gods of the Saxons, who long possessed this part of the country.

In the lead-mines of Eyam, the earthquake which destroyed Lisbon, in 1755, was distinctly felt. These mines are now falling rapidly into decay.

Were we to follow our inclination, we should extract more copiously from this agreeable Volume, but we have done enough to procure it the attention it merits. The account of the provincial *Slickensides*, an exploding mineral (a species of Galena) found in the Hay-cliff mine, is not the least curious of its contents, and we cannot refrain from copying it.

An upright pillar of limestone rock, intermixed with calcareous spar, contains this exploding ore: the surface is thinly coated over with lead, which resembles a covering of plumbago, and is extremely smooth, bright, and even. These rocky pillars have their polished faces opposed to each other; sometimes they nearly touch, sometimes they are further apart, the intervening space being filled up with smaller portions and fragments of spar, and particles of lead ore, which is every where intersected with narrow veins of a whitish colour, and a powdery consistency, that run in oblique directions amongst the mass. The effects of this extraordinary mineral are not less singular than terrific. A blow with a hammer, a stroke or a scratch with a miner's pick, are sufficient to rend these rocks asunder with which it is united or embodied. The stroke is immediately succeeded by a crackling noise, which is sometimes accompanied with a sound not unlike the mingled hum of a swarm of bees: shortly afterwards, an explosion follows so loud and appalling, that even the miners, though a hardy race of men, and little accustomed to fear, turn pale, and tremble at the shock.

Sometimes five or six successive explosions ensue, at intervals of from ten to fifteen minutes, shaking the surface of the earth 200 fathoms under which they take place. One of these phenomena threw the mine into chaos, with a noise like thunder. In 1815, a miner of the name of Frost was buried at

Hucklow for four days. A drop of water trickling near his head sustained existence; the poor fellow sung hymns in this dreadful situation, and was at last extricated, after 75 hours burial, with only a broken limb and some slight bruises.

Wheston Cross forms another of the excellent plates of this work. Tidswell, with its ancient chapel or oratory, whence solemn sounds by visionary choristers were wont in ancient times (so says the legend) to foretel the death of the most distinguished inhabitants, and other interesting matter, conclude this 1st Part, which we relinquish with satisfaction, only because it promises us a continuation including the whole scenery of the Wye. The idea in the following epitaph at Tidswell is worth preserving, though the verse be but indifferent :

Contemplate as the sun declines
Thy death with deep reflection;
And when again he rising shines,
Thy day of resurrection.

We cannot terminate these remarks without again expressing our obligation to Mr. Rhodes, for the pleasure he has afforded us, and the service he has rendered (we imagine, his native) county, by rescuing it from the shade which ought not to have rested so long on so interesting a district; to Mr. Chantrey, for the beautiful drawings by which he has shewn that his taste and genius are not limited to the marble, but pervade other departments of the Fine Arts, and that if he had not been one of the greatest sculptors, he might have been one of the finest painters of the age; and lastly, to the Messrs. Cooke, for the delightful proofs (we are not punning) they have given of the sweet pre-eminence of their burines in landscape scenery. The work is altogether an honour to British art.

MUSCOLOGIA BRITANNICA; containing
THE MOSSES of Great Britain and
Ireland, systematically arranged and
described; with plates illustrative of the
characters of the genera and species.
By W. Jackson Hooker, F.R.S. &c.
and Thomas Taylor, M.D. &c.

Our attention has been attracted to this highly useful and excellent work by an unknown correspondent, from whose letters we shall extract such observations as apply to the subject; first thanking him for his favours, and expressing our own opinion, on examining the volume, that it is deserving of

the utmost favour from every student and lover of botany in the British kingdom. It is inconceivable how many beauties in the vegetable as well as insect world we daily tread unnoticed under our feet. With these the Muscologia Britannica brings us acquainted, and with this book in our hands we are enabled greatly to extend our enjoyments of nature in her minute as well as more ostensible forms.

It will perhaps be information to the majority of our readers, to state that no fewer than thirty-three distinct genera of mosses are here described and delineated. Of these the most contain from ten to sixty species, making altogether two hundred and fifty-nine different sorts of mosses ascertained by naturalists in the British Isles. The most numerous variety is the *Hyphnum*, which is diversified in sixty different ways.

There are upwards of thirty well executed plates in the volume before us, and the mosses, when coloured, are uncommonly beautiful.

We dare say our friends in the country will not look for any more on such a subject from us cockney reviewers than a mere general opinion. This we have given, and from a comparison with other works of science, we are bold to pronounce the present to be a clear, unassuming, and instructive publication. To botanists it will furnish endless delight, and even to less devoted observers it must open new and interesting sources of gratification. We conclude with the extracts from our correspondent, who appears well versed in the subject to which he has invited us.

Yoxford, 24 March.

This branch of our natural history has hitherto been a very difficult and tedious study. Even Linnaeus (who certainly paid less attention to the plants of the class Cryptogamia, than he did to those of the other classes) confounded those which the more minute observations of succeeding botanists have made perfectly distinct.

It appears by the preface that Linnaeus established only six genera, which 'have been varying as the species have multiplied, and as the time and attention of botanists have been more closely directed to them. Hedwig increased the number of genera to 33, including the exotic kinds.'

The present work, by the correctness of its descriptions and delineations, has rendered what was before difficult, perfectly easy, and what was tedious, exceedingly pleasant.

There are certainly some errors, such as the omission of habitats, and a few of the drawings either incorrectly, or not men-

tioned at all, in the explanation of the plates; but these are mere trifles, scarcely worth noticing except for their correction in a future edition, which, it is hoped, will soon be published.

There is one, however, of more importance, and which requires the attention of the authors: in examining some specimens of the *hyphnum medium*, which I had by me, it agreed with the description in every respect, except that instead of the 'nerve reaching to the summit' of the leaf, as there expressed, it was decidedly evanescent.

It is regretted by many that the authors did not give drawings of all the species of 'hyphnum,' and indeed it seems almost necessary on account of the number of the species, which certainly increase the difficulty of making them out.

In a second letter our correspondent says:

As you intend to refer to the botanical work mentioned in my letter last week, I send a few other remarks, which I hope will be useful.

In mentioning the error in the description of *hyphnum medium* (specimens of which I gathered and examined attentively yesterday) I ought to have said, that the 'nerve reaching to the point' is not a constant character. In the younger leaves it is always evanescent, though perhaps in those more advanced in age it may sometimes be percurrent. So that *hyp. medium* differs in nowise from *sesaea paludosa* of Hedwig, except in being more crowded in its growth.

Hyphnum rutabulum, and *velutinum*, ought not to be made distinct species; indeed the authors themselves say, 'except in the smaller size, and somewhat narrower leaves, and their more upright direction, we can find no mark of distinction,' and I think the mere difference in size ought not to warrant their being separated.

Dr. Smith in his 'Flora Britannica' has placed these plants very widely asunder, by putting them under different divisions in the genus; nevertheless his descriptions to a great degree are very similar of *hyphnum rutabulum*: he says, 'Folia pallidè viridia vel lutescentia, nitidiuscula, patula, ovata, basi lata, apice acuminata, oculo annato laxè serrulata, ultra medium uninervia. Pedicelli rubri, unciales vel sesquiunciales, undique tuberculis minutis scabri; perichaetium laxum. Capsula ovata, arenacea. Operculum conicum, breve, obtusum cum exiguo mucrone.' And of *hyp. velutinum* he says, 'Folia luteo-viridia, imbricata, erecta, parva; basi ovata, uninervia; apice elongata, acuminata, sublente serrata, nervo evanescente. Pedicelli unguiculares, rubri, apicem versus scabriuscui. Capsula ovata; parva, ferruginea, arenato-cernua. Operculum exacte conicum, acutum, rufum.'

Mr. Smith has, I suppose, committed a slight mistake by placing his *hyp. rutabulum* under the division 'Caps. cernuas. Follis squarrosis,' and *hyp. velutinum* under 'Caps. cernuas. Surculos teretibus, foliis undique

imbricatis.' Whereas Mr. Hooker has put them under the same division, viz. 'Leaves spreading on all sides of the stem, and uniform in their direction (*not squarrose*,') which last situation is perfectly correct.

I have been thus particular in noticing these descriptions of Smith, as I thought it probable you might not have the work at hand to refer to. From what I have observed, I am persuaded that upon a patient and minute examination of the plants in question, any person will agree with me in pronouncing the *hyp. velutinum* to be nothing more than a variety of the *hyp. rubatulum*.

The roughness of the fruitstalk in *hypnum praelongum*, is not expressed either in the drawing or in the description.

The fruitstalk of *hypnum sericeum* ought to be described as rough.

Though I have been thus minute in pointing out these few errors, I cannot retract my opinion (and no one on perusing it can differ from me) that so excellent a work (particularly on the muscologia) was never before published.

Should what I have written prove of any service to you, (and I beg you will use it in any way you think most proper) I shall feel myself highly gratified in having contributed my mite for the information of the readers of your very valuable publication.

I am, &c.

Yoxford, 1st April, 1818.

THE IMPERIAL TOURISTS.

Tour of Their Imperial Highnesses the Archdukes John and Lewis of Austria.

(Continued.)

After we had passed the evening in an agreeable company, which was entertained by the lady of the house in the most amiable manner, we left on the 28th, to continue in Glasgow our usual visits to the manufactories, &c. The first that we saw was a manufactory in which seventeen looms, set in motion by a steam engine, embroider muslin in frames. Only the simplest patterns can be done in this manner, such as spots, leaves, &c. The machines are very complicated, and embroider at the same time; it is the needles that are put in motion. The work proceeds rapidly, but is far inferior to embroidery by hand. This process seems not to have had the success that the inventor promised himself from it, for he lives in great indigence: the first proprietors of the undertaking were ruined; and the present possessor keeps only two or three looms at work; but he has most work embroidered by hand, and employs nearly two hundred persons in the neighbourhood.

On the 29th we first visited the dye-

ing-house of Adrianople or Turkish red, belonging to Messrs. Monteith, Boyle, and Company. Three thousand pieces are dyed there every week. The red dye is prepared from madder. They use that of Alsace (which is the worst.) That from Marseilles, and that which comes from Smyrna, are the best.

We afterwards visited the University, the buildings of which form a large square, which contains the lecture rooms, the museum, the library, the houses of the professors, a garden, &c. The professors received us at the door, and conducted us into the great lecture room, where the students were assembled. One of these made us a speech in the English language, of which we understood very little. A professor made a second speech in bad French, which we understood better. The conclusion of it was, that the Principal, in honour of us, gave the students a holiday; upon which a loud huzza and a considerable noise arose. The Surgical Lecture room is uncommonly handsome, in the form of an amphitheatre, and receives light from the roof.

The handsomest building in the University is that in which Doctor Hunter's Museum is contained. It forms a rotunda, with some side rooms. Doctor Hunter, who died in 1783, bequeathed to the University of Glasgow, where he had studied, all his collections, which were very considerable for a private individual. The value of them is estimated at above 120,000 pounds sterling. The collection of coins and medals is of extraordinary value; that of anatomical preparations is very numerous, and may be said to be nearly complete. In the mineralogical collection, the zoolites from Feroe, presented by Mr. Makapie, are remarkable. The collection of stuffed birds and beasts is very indifferent. Two mammoth heads struck us as great curiosities. The collection of shells is numerous and beautiful. The museum possesses also antiquities found in Scotland, inscriptions on stone, a fine library, and several paintings, among which a St. Catharine, by Dominichino is worthy of notice.

The University of Glasgow has fourteen professors, some of whom have the reputation of great learning. The number of students amounts to fifteen hundred, of whom six hundred wear red cloaks: they are those who attend the lectures on the belles lettres, Greek

and Latin literature, logic, natural philosophy, and ethics. Each course of lectures costs two or three guineas; the salaries of the professors are trifling; their chief emolument depends on the lectures.

There is also in Glasgow a medical faculty, or school, which has nine professors. The University of Glasgow was founded by a bull of Pope Nicholas V. at the desire of James II. The bull is dated January 7, 1450. It is only within these last twenty years that Glasgow has been celebrated as a school of medicine: at an earlier period it had only about forty students, and now the anatomical lectures alone are attended by more than four hundred. The library, which consists of about fifty thousand volumes, contains many rare works.

In the evening the town gave us a grand entertainment, at which the Lord Provost presided, and to which the most considerable persons of the nobility and the city were invited. During the entertainment innumerable toasts were proposed. The ceremonies observed had something like free-masonry in them, and the signal for filling the glasses was given by a hammer. Every body was in high spirits, and though most of the guests grew warm towards the end of the entertainment, the whole passed with great decorum.

On the 30th we began our visits with Cook's foundry: it is in the south part of the town. On entering we were struck with a wheel for a hydraulic machine, made entirely of cast iron, sixteen feet in diameter, and four *brasses** in length: on each side is a cog-wheel, which is designed to catch in a handle. The machine is so constructed that the ebb and flood equally set it in motion. On the one side it is to move a sawing mill, and on the other side a sugar mill: it is intended for Demerara. The most remarkable things at Cook's are his steam-engines.

We then went to Greenock. A canal is cut from the Clyde: the steam-boat, which had about thirty passengers on board, met us, and we went some miles on board it. It is a large vessel built upon a keel, in the middle of which there is steam-engine. It cost 3000*l.* and brings in that sum annually. Eight persons, including the captain, make the whole of the crew, and five persons are enough when the vessel is laden with goods only.

* A *brasse* is a measure of "two arms length," or about six feet.—Ed.

We ended this little excursion with a visit to the alum manufactory of Mr. Macintosh, which furnishes 30 cwt. every week. On our return to Glasgow we visited the water-works, which are erected on one side of the town near the river, according to the directions of Watt. Large pumps on the side of the river draw the water, which is supplied by pipes joined together, 15 inches in diameter, and two fathoms in length, which lie in the bed of the river. A reservoir, with condensed air, forces the water into a large receiver up in the city; a steam-engine sets the pump in motion. The erection of these water-works cost the proprietors 100,000*l.* sterling. The sale of the water to private individuals brings in 10 per cent on the capital. A second hydraulic machine, of the same kind, is on the other side of the city.

[This concludes the second series of the Princes' notes which we have received from Vienna: we hope speedily to have the remainder.]

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

STATE SECRETS.

The Economy of Royal Life! as laid down in the "Confessions" of Frederic of Prussia.

To those sovereigns, whether of time present or in times to come, who may yearn after MUNDANE IMMORTALITY, we know not that we can recommend a more useful manual, in its way, than the "Confessions," or "Matinées Royales de Frederic, Roi de Prusse." They have one sensible advantage over most other books of advice for the tutoring of young princes and princesses; to wit,—there is not a rule laid down in them but the writer had previously probed by the severe assay of experience. And as if to increase their value in the eyes of royal and princely posterity, they were propounded, not for the acquisition of literary fame, but for the edification and moral improvement of the nephews of the philosopher of Sans Souci. This nephew, however, deeming them unfit for the vulgar eye, is said to have prosecuted the first publisher, and suppressed the whole edition. Another motive for such a jealousy of their circulation may be found in this consideration, that Frederic William being a great man himself (though by the bye we must admit his greatness to have been of a different order to that of his great uncle,) was fearful of letting his royal neighbours into the secret how they might be most useful to themselves in this life, and how, after its departure, they might best secure to themselves an honourable niche among those worthies in the temple of greatness, whom the "canaille" have adored, from

the times of Philip of Macedon to the age of Napoleon of Corsica.*—Lest the genuineness of the work, whence we have selected the succeeding extracts, should be questioned, we will merely premise further, that our copy was preserved among the secret State Papers of the Court of France before the Revolution; at the commencement of which, sundry valuable selections were made from them, and transmitted to this country as a place of safety, or as it has proved since then, as a place of sale, by a distinguished character, with whose services the French court thought fit to dispense.

And now to the "Confessions" themselves. Though our Royal Mentor was sufficiently liberal in his religious persuasion, yet as they were designed for the lasting improvement of his very dear nephew, he most properly gives religion the pre-*cedency* before every other topic. From the rules he there lays down we select the following, which indeed form his exordium:

"OF RELIGION."

Religion is of indispensable necessity to a state. This is a maxim which none but a fool would dispute. The king, who permits his subjects to abuse religion, is ignorant of the art of governing; but the king is destitute of wisdom who has any himself. Listen well to this, my dear nephew; there is nothing which exercises so tyrannic a sway over the heart and understanding as religion, for she will not enter into terms either with our passions, or with those deep political views which a monarch ought to entertain. *The true religion of a Prince is his own interest and glory.* His condition should absolve him from knowing any other. He may be permitted, however, to maintain an outward demeanour for the occasion as a blind to those who observe and surround him.

If he fear God, or, to speak the language of priests and women, if he fear hell, as Louis XIV. did in his old age, he will become either timid or puerile; he is fit for a Capuchin. Do you feel disposed to avail yourself of a favourable moment for making yourself master of a neighbour's province? An army of devils starts up before your eyes to defend it; we are weak enough to believe that the act would be an act of injustice, and take measure ourselves of the punishment our crime deserves. —

I do not mean to say that impiety and atheism are to be stuck up at every corner of our streets; but, that we should think according to the rank we occupy. Every one of the Popes, who has been blessed with common sense, has entertained such religious principles as were consistent with his aggrandisement. It would be the height of folly if a prince were to render himself obnoxious to those petty miseries, which are only made for the vulgar.

"OF JUSTICE."

We owe our subjects justice in the same

* For the sake of historical justice, we pray the reader's forgiveness of this anachronism.

way as they owe us respect. I mean by so saying, my dear nephew, that we must do our fellow-creatures, and particularly our subjects, justice, whenever it does not subvert our rights, or injure our authority; for no equality should be permitted between the rights of the sovereign and those of the subject or slave. But we must be just and resolute when we have to determine or decide a right, contested between one subject and another. This conduct alone will of itself secure us their adoration. Yet, be ever watchful lest this thing, justice, overset you. Bear in mind how Charles the 1st was brought to the scaffold by that justice which the people solicited and demanded with shouts and cries. — — — — I have often reflected on the advantages that result to a state from its having a representative body, which is the depositary of the laws. I am even of opinion, that the sovereign who gives such a body to his people, or maintains its former existence, increases the security of his crown; but he should be a man of upright conduct and full of good principles, if he would permit his actions to be daily scrutinized. *When a ruler is ambitious, he must renounce all thoughts of it;* I should have done nothing had I been shackled. I might perchance pass current for a just king, but I should be denied the title of a hero. — — — — The monarch is oftener exposed to the vicissitudes of fortune than the despot; but then, the despot must be active, enlightened, and resolute. — — — — The courtier flatters the monarch, caresses his vices, and betrays him; the slave kneels down at the feet of the despot, debases himself, and enlightens him: to the great man it will, therefore, be more useful to wield the sceptre of the despot, but to the subject it will be more miserable to live under that form of government.

"POLICY."

As mankind have agreed, that he who deceives his fellow-creature is guilty of a base and criminal act, an expression has consequently been sought after which might qualify such circumstances; hence has the word POLICY been selected. This word is exclusively the property of sovereigns, since no one can decently charge us with being rascals and thieves. Be the thing as it may, I will tell you in sober truth what I think of policy: By the word 'Policy,' my dear nephew, I understand, that one must always endeavour to cheat others; this is the way to gain the 'vantage-ground; on, at all events, to be on an equality with the rest of the world.' Be well assured that every state in the universe runs the same race, and that this is the secret end on which all the world is bent, whether great or small. Having laid down this principle, do not be ashamed then to make alliances, and keep the whole advantage of them to yourself exclusively. Take care not to fall into the unpardonable error of not abandoning them whenever you shall judge your interest is consulted by doing so; and, above all, stand close by this maxim,—*to plunder our neighbours is to deprive them of the means of doing us*

harm. - - - - - We divide this subject into 'STATE POLICY' and 'INDIVIDUAL POLICY.' The first of these regards the great interests of the state, the last concerns the private interests of the sovereign.

INDIVIDUAL POLICY.

A prince should never shew himself but on his good side; this is a circumstance to which you must seriously apply yourself. When I arrive in any place, I always appear fatigued, and shew myself to the people in a miserable great coat, and a dishevelled wig. These are *little nothings*, which frequently make an extraordinary impression. - - - - I appear, in every thing I utter, to think of nothing but the welfare of my subjects; I question noblemen, citizens, and mechanics, and enter with them into the minutest details.

Belles Lettres.—I have used my utmost endeavours to acquire a name in the literary world, and have succeeded better than Cardinal Richelieu; for, (heaven be praised!) I pass for an author. Between ourselves, however, the family of wits is a cursed race:—race, insufferable for their vanity; proud, and, although they contemn the great, greedy of honours; tyrants in their opinions, implacable in their enmity, inconstant in their friendship, and frequently sycophants and satirists in one and the same day. Howbeit these men are of the first necessity to a prince who would reign despotically, and is fond of glory. They distribute honours; and without them, no solid fame is to be acquired. They must, therefore, be caressed, because we stand in need of them; and rewarded, because there is good policy in so doing. As this is a craft which diverts us from the occupations that are worthy of a prince, I never compose but when I have nothing better on hand; and, in order to ease myself a little, I retain a few wits at court, *whose office is to set my ideas in order*. You must have observed with what distinction I treated M. d'Alembert on his last journey; I constantly made him take his meals with me, and did nothing but praise him. Indeed, you appeared yourself astonished at the great attentions which I lavished on this writer. You are not aware then that our philosopher is listened to at Paris like an oracle; that he speaks of nothing but my talents and virtues, and affirms on every occasion, that I possess the characteristics of a true hero and a great king. Independently of these considerations, I find it sweet incense to hear myself praised with wit and delicacy; and to tell you the honest truth, I am very far indeed from being *insensible* to praise. I am perfectly aware that all my actions are not deserving of it; but d'Alembert is so pleasing when he sits by my side, that he never opens his mouth but to pour obliging things into my ear.

Voltaire's character was of a different order, and therefore I dismissed him; I made a merit of this in *Maupertuis'* eyes; but, at heart, I was afraid of the man, for I was not certain of having it always in my power to do him the same good offices, and was

quite sensible, that a single crown short of his expectations would have exposed me to a thousand boxes on the ear from him. Moreover, every thing having been maturely considered, and the advice of my Academy having been taken, it was decided that two great wits could not breathe the same air. I have omitted to tell you, that in the midst of my greatest misfortunes, I was careful the men of letters should be paid their pensions. These philosophers make out war to be the greatest folly in the world as soon as it affects their pockets.

Petty Details.—Are you desirous of knowing how to please every body at little expense?—I will tell you the secret; let every one of your subjects be allowed to write to you directly, and speak to you; whenever this is done, either answer or listen. Observe, however, the style which you must use on these occasions: 'If what you point out be true, I will do you justice; but rely at the same time on my determination to punish calumny and falsehood.'

I am your King,

FREDERIC."

"If any one approach you with a complaint, listen with attention, or, at least, with that kind of mien which implies it; let your answer, above all things, be firm and laconic. - - - - In this place, my dear nephew, I will make you acquainted with *man*, even though it be at his own expense. Be assured, that *he is always at the mercy of his passions, that self-love constitutes his glory, and that all his virtues are dependent on his interests and ambition*. Do you wish to be considered a *HERO*?—*Boldly shake hands with crime*. Or, do you desire to be accounted a *SAGE*?—*Disguise yourself shiffully*.

STATE POLICY.

'State Policy' resolves itself into three principles: the *first* is, to preserve, and, as opportunities offer, to aggrandize one's self; the *second* is, not to contract alliances, but for one's own advantage; and the *third* is, to make one's self feared and respected even under the most grievous circumstances.

First Principle.—On ascending the throne I visited my father's coffers. His great economy inspired me with great designs. Some time afterwards I reviewed my troops; I found them to my heart's content. After this review I revisited my coffers, and taxed them with the expense of doubling my military establishment. As I had now doubled my power, it was quite natural that I should not confine myself to merely preserving what I possessed; hence I was not tardy in resolving to avail myself of the first opportunity that should occur. - - - - I turned the brain of all the other courts; every one of them thought themselves lost, unless arms, feet, and head, were moved à la Prussienne. My soldiers and officers believed themselves twice as valuable from the moment they observed that they were imitated in every quarter. My troops having thus gained an advantage over all others, I had now no

other employment but to investigate the pretensions I could bring forward to various provinces. Four principal points suggested themselves to my consideration, *Silesia, Polish Prussia, Dutch Gueldres, and Swedish Pomerania*. I fixed on Silesia as being wortier of my attention than all the rest; circumstances also were here more favourable to my views. - - - - I will not point out to you the validity of my pretensions to this country; *I made my orators establish them*. The Empress-queen employed hers to confute them; and we finished our suit with the clamour of cannon, swords, and muskets. But to return to the state of things, such as they offered themselves to my view. France was anxious to deprive the Austrians of the Empire. I desired nothing better. France was anxious to form states for the Infant, in Italy: I was delighted with this, for it could not be effected otherwise than at the expense of the Queen. France, in short, conceived the noble design of marching to the gates of Vienna; it was there that I waited for her, when I might possess myself of Silesia. - - - -

You cannot conceive, my dear Nephew, how extremely important it is that both the monarch and the state should travel *out of beaten tracks*; it is the *wonderful* alone which produces an impression and generates a name. *The equilibrium!*—This is a word that has subjugated the whole world, as it has engendered a belief that it secures constant possession; in pure truth, however, it is but a mere word, for Europe is a family that contains its wicked brothers and wicked relations. I will go further, my dear Nephew; a contempt for this system is the road to greatness. Look at the English! they have chained down the sea. This haughty element dares not bear a single vessel but with their permission. Hence you will infer that we must be adventurous without shrinking, and be firmly persuaded that there is nothing which will not *suit our convenience*. We have merely to take heed lest we push our pretensions with an excess of vanity. It is of the greatest moment that you should keep two or three eloquent writers at court, and leave to them the task of justifying your measures.

Second Principle.—It is a fundamental maxim of state, that you should push your interests by means of alliances. There is no power which is justified in neglecting it. In my first war with the Queen, I abandoned the French at Prague, because this turn gave me Silesia. Had I even led them to Vienna itself, they would never have given me an equivalent. Some years afterwards I renewed my relations with them, having a mind to attempt the conquest of Bohemia, and feeling anxious to be on good terms with them in case of need. I have since treated that nation with neglect, that I might draw closer my ties with another which offered me higher advantages. - - - -

Attach yourself especially to those who have the gift of expressing themselves in loose or equivocal terms. You would find it by no means a bad thing to have *political*

physicians and locksmiths in pay; they might be of essential service to you on certain occasions. I know by experience all the advantages which may be gained by their means.

Third Principle.—The *no plus ultra* of policy is to make yourself respected and feared by your neighbours. —— Never ask in weak terms; appear rather to demand. If you are slighted, reserve your revenge until the hour when you are enabled to obtain the completest redress; and above all things do not fear reprisals; your glory will not be tarnished by them;—so much the worse for your subjects, on whom they will fall. But this is the true point: all your neighbours must be completely persuaded that you are incapable of doubt or wavering, and are not to be astonished, happen what may. Use every effort to inspire them with an inward conviction that you are a dangerous being, and know no other principles but those which lead to glory; and act in such a manner as that they may feel persuaded you would rather lose two kingdoms than your chance of playing a distinguished part in the eyes of posterity. As such sentiments as these require a mind above the common order, they astonish and stupefy the greater part of mankind: it is such a system as this which, in truth, constitutes what the world calls the greatest monarch of his day.

When a stranger visits your court, load him with attentions, and be particular in keeping him always near your person; by these means you will conceal the vicious parts of your government from him. If he be a military man, make your regiment of guards manoeuvre in his presence, and put yourself at their head. If he be an author of talent, let him perceive his work on your table, and speak to him of his abilities. If he be a merchant, listen to him kindly, caress him, and endeavour to fix him in your dominions."

PASIGRAPHY.

MR. EDITOR,

In reply to your Queries respecting *Pasigraphy*, I beg leave to state, that an attempt was made some years ago by a Frenchman, who published a thin 4to. at Paris, about 1796, as well as I can recollect, under the title of "Pasigraphie," calling himself an "ancient Major of Infantry." I read the book ten years ago, and found his plan by no means difficult; and, when once fully understood, requiring little more study or imagination than short-hand. Perhaps some of your readers can supply you with a copy of it—if not, I shall be happy to send you such details as memory will enable me to furnish. Yours, L.

P. S. The fact, of two nations unacquainted with each other's *spoken* language, yet *writing* in a character perfectly intelligible to both, exists at present with respect to the people of *China* and *Cochin China*. There are some details respecting it either in Barrow's *Voyage to Cochin China*, or in his account of the *Chinese Embassy*.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, May 2.—On Wednesday the 15th inst. W. K. Hett, and W. A. Holgate, were admitted Scholars of Lincoln College; and I. H. Churchill, and —— Gibbs, Exhibitors, on Lord Crew's foundation.

On Monday last the following gentlemen were admitted to degrees:—

Bachelors of Arts.—Mr. Thomas Harman, of Queen's College; Mr. George Robert Gleig, and Mr. John Vesey Hamilton, of Magdalen Hall; Mr. Charles Forward, of Wadham College.

On Wednesday last the following gentlemen were admitted to degrees:—

Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. Charles Abel Moysey, B.D. sometime student of Christ Church.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. George Shiffner, of Christ Church; Rev. Moses Banks, Fellow of Wadham College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Mr. James Feild, of Queen's College; Mr. David Daniel, Fellow, and Mr. James George, of Jesus College; Mr. Edward Thomas Hesketh, of Trinity College.

CAMBRIDGE, May 1.—The following gentlemen were on Wednesday last admitted to the undermentioned degrees:

Doctors in Divinity.—Rev. Richard Yates, of Jesus College, Rector of Esher, and Chaplain to Chelsea Hospital; Rev. Alexander Richardson, vicar of Great Dunmow, and master of the free grammar school, Dedham, Essex, and late fellow and tutor of Corpus Christi College.

Masters of Arts.—James Wigram, Fellow of Trinity College; Rev. Thomas J. Abbott, of Catharine Hall.

Bachelor in Physic.—Thomas Forster, of Corpus Christi College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Edward Collin Woodbridge, of Trinity College; Charles B. Littlewood, of St. John's College; George Frederick Jones, of Jesus College.

THE FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

After the accustomed preliminary views and preliminary dinner, the Royal Academy opened on Monday with its *Fiftieth* Exhibition. It consists of 1117 subjects, whereof 1039 belong to the painter; the rest to the sculptor. Though portrait, as usual, prevails, and works of the highest order are but few, there is still a considerable variety, chiefly in landscape, but with some poetical and fancy productions of considerable merit.

On throwing a glance over the rooms, we were satisfied as to the general character of this Exhibition. There is a fair proportion of works honourable to our native school; unquestionably also a due proportion of mediocrity, and, as must and ought ever to be the case, a good deal of inferiority. For we are not among those who expect all artists to be Raphaels or Titians, but on the contrary, we are con-

tent with humble beginnings and decent efforts in the majority.

In this first sketch we shall do little more than offer some remarks on the most prominent features. We have already noticed the prevalence of portrait; the large room is crowded with these offerings to individual feelings—not always vanity, for some of the kindest affections of our nature are mixed up with the preservation of the resemblance of those who are dear to us; and portrait painting in Britain, like our long and particular newspaper obituaries, &c. only shews how strongly the social ties are intertwined through all the relations of life in this country. Where a large picture occurs, it is garnished round the edges with faces like a turbot with smelts, and has even a whimsical effect: along the top of Mr. West's Treaty between the Grand Mogul and Lord Clive, there are six or eight portraits a-row, resembling a battalion, or at least a grenadier company in line.

Whether it be owing to the dismantling of our navy that has made canvas cheap, we cannot say, but there is no want of prodigious expanse in a number of subjects. It is well for painters "in little," that size is not necessarily excellence, otherwise they would be some roads behind their magnificent competitors.

In classing the *chef d'œuvre*, we have little hesitation in assigning a first place to 95. *The Mouth of the Tyne*, by Callicott. It is a most masterly composition, representing a Collier pressing up with a fresh breeze, a boat going out to her, and the towns of North and South Shields in the landscape. Nothing can surpass the water; the spectator almost feels himself rocking upon it, if he gazes any time at its undulation. The tone of colouring is exquisitely true; pure, and harmonious. The boat and figures are admirable; the solidity and character of the latter are very fine. The only point to which we could desire to call Mr. Callicott's attention in this picture, and speaking to such an artist we do it with great diffidence, is the closeness of the bow of the second vessel alongside of the first, to the principal. There seems to be no rounding between them, but as if the one ship had a double prow. We imagine that a slight shadow would remove what certainly, at first sight, puzzles the eye, and forces us to look with too much diligence for the cause of an unusual appearance.—On another side of the room from this noble production, is a view of Dort, by Turner, a charming display of colours, we would say of colouring, but that we do not think they are appropriate to the scene. This able artist resembles himself too much, and the Packet-boat of Rotterdam, with its sober Dutch inmates, is like the latest glories of Carthage. Mr. T. has, however, shewn a magic power over the means of painting.—Sir T. Lawrence has two capital portraits of the Prince Regent and the Duke of Wellington. The former is a whole-length, and distinguished for all that is ornamental and graceful. H. R. H. is perhaps, represented rather

younger than reality, but this is only a painter's mystery, and might be considered a *constitutional jeu d'esprit*, since, as the king never dies, the Prince ought never to grow old! No artist can, however, add to the dignity of manner, and polished deportment of the most successful of sovereign princes, whose glorious sway has presented but one tide of national honour and victory. The Hero, who has borne so conspicuously a share in these events, is on horseback, with a telescope in one hand, and his hat held up in the other, as if making a signal. There is a grand simplicity, a breadth, and unsophisticated manner, in this, which ranks it among the happiest efforts of the master.

Among the other pictures in the Great Room, which catch the eye, are whole-length likenesses of the late Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold, by G. Dawe. In the former, which is altogether an indifferent performance, the head is mean and ill-coloured; in the latter, the boots are the most prominent light, and look like white-washed appendages to a smart portrait. A composition from Dante, by Fuseli, which is clever, but not varied one iota from the preceding works of the artist, whose imaginative horrors seem worn out. Fairies, by Howard, neither so aerial nor so characteristic as the quotation from Shakspeare would warrant.

— That on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back.

They do not seem to be so employed, and are rather solid. There is, however, much pleasing expression, and a Nautilus sailing prettily introduced. An excellent Portrait of Lord Grosvenor, by Jackson; who has also a most forcible head of himself (160.) Some very fine Portraits, by Phillips—No. 72, is quite a Titian; 85 (Mrs. Phillips), 118. (Earl Spencer,) are also charming pictures. A *Fête-Champêtre*, a capital, though not the best specimen of Stothard's manner; yet we doubt if any artist alive could paint it but himself. Departure of the Diligence from Rouen, by Collins; no discredit to his talents, and curious, not only from the able treatment of the subject, but from the management of three distinct lights. Walter Scott and his family, and The Errand Boy, by Wilkie; the former, merely a sketch, the latter a finely finished cabinet picture. The Death of Sapphira, by Bird—with much to commend, but scatterly and ill-composed. No. 141. A Boy's Head—a study, by W. Davison, which demands for the artist (whose name is not familiar to us,) a share in our first notice. It is of great promise. A very spirited and firmly painted head of Sharpe, the engraver, by Shee,—its native jollity does not destroy its native enthusiasm. There are some other productions in this room which deserve honourable mention, and shall receive the need in our following publications.

In the New Room, the chief things which struck us are a Sacred Composition by Harlow, exhibiting great and versatile powers in this artist. The head of Christ

is admirable; and though this picture cannot be discussed in a hasty enumeration, we must add, that there are many parts of it which would adorn the highest reputation. A fine Landscape and Cattle, by R. Westall (No. 227.) A Press Gang—285, a well told and pathetic story, by W. Allan.—No. 291. Una with the Satyrs, from Spenser's Faërie Queene, a blaze of colour, and with uncommonly beautiful forms of forest scenery. Some of the satyrs are worthy of Poussin, others rather gently constructed, but the whole is an admirable performance, full of imagination, and ably painted. A true Arabian, by J. Ward. The 5th of November, a humorous piece, by W. F. Witherington. The Trial of Algernon Sydney, by Stephanoff.

In the Anti-Room, there is a capital dramatic scene by M. W. Sharp. It comprises portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Liston, Fawcett, Emery, Miss Stephens, and another, from "No Song, no Supper." An original and well-coloured picture, of an Eastern Boy piping to a Dancing Snake (376) by T. Stewardson, quaintly enough called in the Catalogue An Indian Circean, but, in spite of its name, a clever picture.

Having thus swept through the rooms above, we must postpone descending till next week.

(To be continued.)

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The British Gallery in Pall Mall also opened on Monday, with a contribution of Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and French masters. It is a technical expression, when speaking of the finest picture in an Exhibition, to say it is *The Eye* of the collection; but it would be difficult to apply the term in this instance, where the rooms are, like Argus, all *Eyes*. So rich and exquisite a treat has never, as we think, in this country been offered to delight the public. It surpasses the most attractive of all that have preceded it, though these presented no mean claims to be considered as of the highest order of excellence. Many of the most celebrated pictures of the greatest painters that ever lived are brought into one magic circle; and there is nothing in the Art, from the sublime to the familiar, through all the various steps by which genius has reached immortality—composition, form, expression, colouring, finish—which has not among these masterpieces a local habitation. At present we dare not trust ourselves to particularize any one subject. A day or two must be allowed for the ebullition of that wonder and enthusiasm which such a spectacle engenders; but we hope to calm down sufficiently to be able hereafter to carry our readers along with us through this galaxy of splendour.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

A Dinner and Subscription in aid of this excellent Charity took place last Monday. Sir John Swinburne presided; and we rejoice to hear that the donations were liberal,

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG

From the German of Körner, entitled
"MEN AND BOYS."

Lo! breaks forth the storm, and the people arise—
Who now will sit folding his hands in his lap!
O fie on you youth in the chimney that lies,
To the boors and the lasses for shelter he flies,
shameless and pitiful cowardly chap:
A German maid shall kiss him not,
A German song shall name him not,
And German wine shall cheer him not.
Join your glasses man and man,
Who the sabre's hilt can span.

While we in the tempest and gloom of the night,
When the wild whirlwinds whistle, look out for
our foes,

Can he in a pillow of feathers delight,
And in amorous visions indulge his repose!
O still be a shameless and cowardly chap,
A German, &c. &c.

When the hoarse trumpet sounds the bold
clangor of war,
And like heaven's loud thunder appeals to our
hearts—

Can he at the concert, from danger afar,
Enjoy the soft notes that the music imparts!
O still, &c. &c.

While we from the torments of thirst nearly die,
Overcome mid the fervor and heat of the day,
Can he drink his Champaign gushing briskly on
high.

And at tables luxurious his revels display!
O then, &c. &c.

While we, standing forth in the face of the foe,
Scarce can think of the loves we no more may
behold;

Can he safe to his paramour eagerly go,
And sordidly purchase her favours with gold?
O then, &c. &c.

While the bullet whisks past, and the lance
whizzes by,
While death in a thousand dread forms hems
us round,

Can he mid the gamblers the wager punt high,
And be happy with such a poor victory crowned?
O then, &c. &c.

When fate strikes our hour on the battle-field red,
We'll welcome the death that the hero should
die;

While he on the down of a soft silken bed,
Shall shake when destruction's dread hero is
nigh,

And die like a pitiful cowardly chap:
A German maid shall weep him not,
A German song shall name him not,
And German goblets toast him not.
Join your glasses man and man,
Who the sabre's hilt can span.

C. R.

PITY.

How lovely in the arch of heaven
Appears yon sinking Orb of light,
As, darting through the clouds of even,
It gilds the rising shades of night!
Yet brighter, fairer, shines the tear
That trickles o'er misfortune's bier!

Sweet is the murmur of the gale
That whispers through the summer's grove;
Soft is the tone of friendship's tale,
And softer still the voice of love;
Yet softer far the tears that flow,
To mourn—to soothe another's wo!

Richer than richest diadem
That glitters on the monarch's brow ;
Purer than ocean's purest gem,
Or all that wealth or art can show—
The drop that swells in Pity's eye,
The pearl of sensibility !

Is there a spark in earthly mould,
Fraught with one ray of heavenly fire ?
Does man one trait of virtue hold,
That even angels must admire ?
That spark is Pity's radiant glow ;
That trait—the tear for others' wo !

Let false philosophy decry
The noblest feeling of the mind ;
Let wretched sophists madly try
To prove a pleasure more refin'd,—
They only strive in vain to steal
The tenderness they cannot feel !

To sink in nature's last decay,
Without a friend to mourn the fall—
To mark its embers die away,
Deplor'd by none—unwept by all—
This—is sorrow's deadliest curse,
Nor hate, nor hell, can form a worse !

Take wealth—I know its paltry worth;
Take honour—it will pass away ;
Take pow'r—I scorn the bounded earth ;
Take pomp—its trappings soon decay :
But spare me, grant me Pity's tear,
To sooth my wo—and mourn my bier !

CHARLES.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—*Elizabetta*, an opera by ROSSINI, has been among the novelties of this theatre. That it is new, is enough with us to decide on the fitness of its performance, but in this we touch upon its only charm. The first half hour is a formidable trial of its perfections; the second helps us far into the discovery that the *novel* may be the *dull*; and long before the close of the first act the conclusion is arrived at, so formidable to the glories of poets and fiddlers, that the

"Tired spirit can endure no more!"

Elizabeth in all her stomacher, is like Solomon in all his glory degenerated into the puppet of a showman, and the stately princess and the sapient king equally indebted for their fame to frippery and pantomime. ROSSINI, the most admirable composer alive of light music, a man of serenades and notturnos, the very *caravane* *Sirvente* of Clio, full of the softness and the spirit of fantastic love-making and impassioned levity, becomes frozen in the midst of courts and cabinets; the *Elizabetta*, and *Norfolks*, and *Leicester*, the masculine mind, and the black guilt, and the haughty impotence of love, are a burthen too heavy for his bearing. For those things we must have a Shakspeare in music; some genius, that is strong to soar, and to endure the ascent into the nearer splendour of the passions. The Italian's fictitious wings can lift him only into that lower region of various and coloured beauty, where if he is often lost in clouds, he may still be supported, without danger of seeing his pinions melt from around him. His *Il Barbiere de Seviglia* is a

charming and felicitous performance, without effort to produce, or effort to comprehend. His *Elizabeth* is a toilsome and slavish struggle to produce that which it is worth no man's labour to comprehend. But it has, in all its failures, some evidences of the master. The duets of "*Incauta*," and "*Misera a quale stato*," are fine. The finale of the first act, and "*Ah fra poco*," are of a still higher order. Fodor was the *Queen*; GARCIA, *Norfolk*; CAVELLI, *Leicester*; and Miss CORRI, *Martilda*.

DRURY LANE.—Our Dramatic Register for the week that has transpired since our last need occupy but little space. At this theatre, Mr. Elliston has resumed his station for twelve nights as a leading performer in Comedy. He played Rover with great vivacity, and as the part needs no other qualification in the performer, it requires no other observation in the critic.—Mr. Kean has tried a new character, Young Norval, in *Douglas*; a Miss Macauley, from the Dublin stage, making her debut at the same time, in *Lady Randolph*. Both were received with plaudits, of the tumultuous kind which distinguish this theatre, and Kean elicited many beauties which justified these noisy testimonies in a higher degree than is frequently the case when they are lavished by a junto—not the public. Under the disadvantages of a first appearance, it would be harsh to deliver a decided opinion upon the debutante. She has evidently many requisites for the stage, and is pleasing, even where ineffective. On this ground we reserve our critique, generally, upon the Tragedy.

COVENT GARDEN.—A little piece of burlesque on the sentimentality of the German School, which has been successfully performed during the winter at the Parisian *Theatre des Varietes* under the title of *Werther*, was adapted for the London meridian, and produced here on Wednesday as *The Sorrows of Werter*, in One Act. The drollery seemed to lie in Mr. Liston's phiz and Mrs. Liston's person, as the Werter and Charlotte of the entertainment. These were sufficiently ludicrous—but the humour wants stamina even for a single act; and as nearly the same situations, and always the same sentiments, are repeated, it becomes dull and tedious. Albert (the husband,) by Blanchard, and Fritz (Werter's Servant,) by Tokely, were clever performances; the latter, by a sort of dramatic licence, speaking German-English, while all the others, equally German with him, speak English intelligibly. With a good deal of curtailment, we think, this trifle may serve pleasantly enough to vary an evening's amusements; and as it does not pretend to any rank above a mere interlude, the agreeable singing, music, and whim of the thing, may confer on it a brief existence. Miss Foote delivered a prologue without much point, which had better be omitted.

DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

THE political interest of the present day centers in the intelligence from the East Indies, where a more general field of hostilities seems to have been opened than was originally expected. It appears from the voluminous dispatches received, that the Marhatta States were faithless in their agreement to aid the British in putting an end to the Pindaree associations of robbers and plunderers; at least, two of the chief of them have thrown off the mask, and not only the Peishwa, with whom and his General Trimbuckjee the war first began, but young Holkar and the Berar Rajah have been engaged with and defeated by the British forces. Thus from Poonah, near Bombay, to Nagpore in the centre of the Peninsula, the scene of action has been extended; and in the various battles which have been fought our losses amount, to about 1000 in round numbers killed and wounded. The army of the Peishwah has apparently increased in strength; but the other confederates are nearly *hors de combat*, from the loss of their artillery.

One paragraph will suffice to relate our Home News. Her Majesty has had a sudden and severe indisposition, but is happily convalescent.—There was a silly assemblage about Spa-fields on Monday: Dr. Watson was the principal orator, supported by Preston the cobbler, who was almost too drunk to support himself. The crowd conducted themselves in an orderly and quiet manner, and the whole business went off like a curious show, rather than a thing of political consequence.—The House of Commons has voted 13,500*l.* for the purchase of Dr. Burney's Library, to be placed in the British Museum.—Lord Kinnaird has published a pamphlet, explanatory of his connection with Marinet and the conspirators against the Duke of Wellington. We have not yet seen it, but take it for granted that an English Nobleman has easily exculpated himself from every shadow of imputation beyond the odium of having been thought a proper confidant on such an occasion.

VARIETIES.

OF HYM THAT HAD HIS GOOSE STOLE.—A man that had a goose stoole from hym went and complayned to the Curate, and desyred hym to do so moche as helpe that he had his goose again. The Curate sayde he wolde.

So on Sonday the Curate, as though he wold' curse, wen' vp in to the pulpit, and bade ebery body syt downe; so whan they were set, he said: why sit ye nat downe? We be set all redy, quod they. Naye, (quod the Curate) he that dyd stale the goose sitteth nat. Yes that I do, quod he. Sayste thou that, quod the Curate? I charge the on peyne of cursyng, to bryng the goose home ageyn.

*From Tales and Quicke Answers, B. L.
printed about 1530.*

Speaking of the late controversy between Dr. Bell and Mr. Lancaster there is a circumstance (says a Correspondent) worthy of notice. In Saugnier's and Brisson's *Voyage to Morocco*, translated and published in London *as far back as 1792*, there is a precise description of the mode of juvenile education now pursued; the Moorish children being taught *to write on sand*, apparently in the absence of other materials. Dr. Bell, I believe, merely claims the merit of having improved a pre-existing system at Madras. If the Lancasterian advocates for originality still persist in their claims, and assert that Mr. L. had matured his plan before he saw or heard of Dr. B.'s pamphlet, they will perhaps hesitate in those pretensions when this fact is stated.

A regulation for the Theatres in Madrid, approved by a Royal Ordinance, mentions that the salary of their most famous Comedian, Isidore Majquez, (who is designated as the *Talma of Spain*) amounts to only five francs a day.

A picture of Lord Guildford Dudley and Lady Jane Gray, in beautiful preservation, has lately been discovered in France, and is in possession of an English gentleman, who has brought it to this country. It was painted by Sir Antonio Moore, about 1550, and is supposed to have belonged to the collection of Charles I. It was no doubt taken to France during the time of Cromwell, and remained in one of the palaces there till the late revolution, when it got into the hands of a private dealer in pictures in the city of Paris, from whom it was purchased. No picture whatever of Lord Guildford Dudley is known to exist in England, and the rarity and value of this painting to English history, and to persons of taste, may be duly appreciated. It is painted on oak. The Marquis of Hastings, according to the late Duke of Northumberland, who knew of the existence of this picture, is the nearest descendant now living from the family of these illustrious victims.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Travels of His Highness the Prince Maximilian of Neuwied to the Brasil.

Since the appearance of Humboldt's interesting *Travels*, and the continuation of the contest for independence which agitates the Spanish colonies, the eyes of Europe

are turned upon South America, and every authentic account respecting that immense continent is received with great and general interest.

The Brasils still remain among the number of the countries of South America which are the least known to us. The Prince of Neuwied travelled through them in the years 1815, 16, and 17, and the rich fruits of his infinitely laborious exertions are now announced for publication at the same time with the interesting description of the journey itself, in four quarto volumes, illustrated with maps and copperplates.

Natural history was the main object of the illustrious traveller, and of course the materials collected in this branch of science must be the most considerable; so considerable indeed, that we are assured all the travels in the Brasils which have hitherto been published, taken together, do not contain so many new remarks as these: at the same time the manners, customs, &c. of the natives are not forgotten, and the whole promises to give us a lively picture of those countries which are still so imperfectly known to us.

LUCIEN BUONAPARTE.—It is not generally known that some very curious memoirs of Lucien Buonaparte were printed at Paris in 1815. When, however, they were nearly ready, obstacles to their appearance arose—the publication was suspended, and the whole impression was eventually burnt. An Agent of Lucien, it is presumed, indemnified the publisher, and obtained from him the sacrifice of his speculation, and the possession of the original manuscript. By what means this manuscript has again been suffered to see the light, we know not, but it is certain that a London bookseller has obtained possession of it, and that it is immediately forthcoming.

A new work will, we understand, appear in the course of the season, to be called “Sketches of the Philosophy of Life.” It is from the pen of Sir Charles Morgan, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians; and is intended to convey a popular view of the leading facts in physiology, as they bear more especially upon the moral and social animal. This branch of inquiry comes home in an infinite variety of forms to “men's business and bosoms,” and the diffusion of its elementary doctrines is most important to the best interests of society. Yet there is perhaps no subject whose cultivation is more circumscribed. The repeated failure of all recent attempts, as well parliamentary as individual, to check the progress of crime, and to circumscribe poverty within its natural bounds, may in a great measure be traced to this cause. General information and active benevolence are not wanting; but in legislating for the lower classes, great ignorance has been manifested of the machine upon which the laws are to operate, and temporary expedients have taken the place of fundamental improvements. The great principle of increase in population, which Mr. Malthus has so ingeniously and laboriously deduced

from general reasonings, is a physical fact, which must be self-evident to the physiologist; and this instance may serve, among many, to demonstrate the close connexion between moral and physical investigations. Sir Charles Morgan, we are informed, dwells most particularly upon these views, which are interesting to the metaphysician and moralist, and as far as possible avoids details merely professional, and foreign from the pursuits of general inquirers.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

APRIL.

Thursday, 30—Thermometer from 39 to 52. Barometer from 29, 95 to 29, 76. Wind NE. $\frac{1}{4}$.—Cloudy; raining from ten till four. Buds of the walnut, in parts, are burst.

MAY.

Friday, 1—Thermometer from 47 to 60. Barometer from 29, 91 to 30, 08. Wind S. and SW. $\frac{1}{4}$.—Morning cloudy, with one or two showers of rain, and a little hail. Afternoon and evening clear. Rain fallen, 125 of an inch.

Saturday, 2—Thermometer from 45 to 64. Barometer from 30, 07 to 29, 95.

Wind E. $\frac{1}{4}$.—Raining freshly from seven to nine, soon after which the clouds broke: afternoon and evening clear. Paths and roads very miry with the heavy rain of last night. Rain fallen, 3 of an inch.

Sunday, 3—Thermometer from 45 to 64. Barometer from 29, 75 to 29, 62.

Wind NE. E. and E. $\frac{1}{4}$.—Morning cloudy, afternoon clear, evening rather heavy. A thunder storm rose in the SE. about four, and rain fell from it about six. Some claps of thunder between 7 and 8.—Rain fallen, 275 of an inch.

Monday, 4—Thermometer from 44 to 63. Barometer from 29, 72 to 29, 74.

Wind SW. and NW. $\frac{1}{4}$.—Clear. Rain fallen, 05 of an inch.

Tuesday, 5—Thermometer from 42 to 64. Barometer from 29, 66 to 29, 60.

Wind NE. and SE. $\frac{1}{4}$.—The morning clear till six, when a fog suddenly came over, but clouds were formed in the zenith and moving from the South, while the scud and fog beneath were from the North; clouds dispersed about ten, and remained clear till one, when a thunder storm rose in the SW. Some rain fell about two. In the evening some claps of thunder.

Wednesday, 6—Thermometer from 47 to 60. Barometer from 29, 55 to 29, 50.

Wind NE. and SE. $\frac{1}{4}$.—The wind was blowing from every quarter to day. Some pleasant sunshine at noon, the rest of the day rather cloudy. Heavy storms passing over in the afternoon; one in the North, about four, particularly black and heavy.—Garlic hedge mustard (*erysimum alliaceum*) in flower.

Latitude 51. 37. 32. N.
Longitude 3. 51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T.W. M.'s favour will be very acceptable. We are still obliged to postpone many interesting communications, and several articles prepared for insertion.

BENSLEY AND SONS, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

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